Of hym I haue herde myche good
I graunte he sayd with you to wende.
My bretherne all in fere.
My purpose was to haue dyned to day
At bly the or dancastere
Forthe than went this gentyll knyght
With a carefull chere
The teres out of his eyen ran:
And fell downe by his ere.
They brought hym to the lodge dore.
Whan Robyn hym gan se
Full curteylly dyd of his hode
And set hym on his kne
Welcome syr knyght then seyd Robyn.
Welcome arte thou to me.
I haue a byde you fastynge syr
All these oures thre
Then answered the gentyll knyght.
With wordes fayre and fre
God the saue good Robyn
And all thy fayre meyne.
They wesshe to gyder and wypped bothe
And sat tyll there dyner
Brede and wyne they had ryght Inough.
And noumbles of the dere.
Swannes and fesauntes they had full good.
And foules of the reuere.
Ther fayled non so lytell a byrde
That euer was bred on brere
Do gladly syr knyght sayd Robyn.
Garmercy syr sayd he
Syche a dyner had Inot
Of all this wekes thre.
yf I come ageyne Robyn.

Here by this countre
As good a dyner I shall the make
As thou haste made to me
Gramercy knyght sayd Robyn
My dener whan that I haue
I was neuer so gredy by der worthy god
My dyner for to craue.
But pay or ye wende sayd Robyn
Me thynke it is good ryght.
It was neuer ye maner by der worthy god
A yoman to pay for a knyght.
I haue nought in mi cofers sayd the knyght
That I may profer for shame
Ly tell Johan go loke seyd Robyn
Ne let not for no blame
Tell me treuthe then sayd Robyn
So god haue parte of the
I haue no more but .x.s. sayd the knyght
So god haue parte of me
yf thou haue nomore sayd Robyn
I wyll not one pen
And yf thou haue nede of ony more
More shall I len the
Go now forthe lytell Johan
The truthe tell thou me
yf there be no more qnt .x.s.
Not one peny that I se.
Lytell Johan spored downe is mantell
Full fayre vpon the grounde.
And there he founde in the knyghtes cofer.
But euen halfe a pounde
Lytell Johan lete it lye full styll
And went to his mayster full lowe
What tydynge Johan sayd Robyn

Syr the knyght is ere we Inowe
fyll of the best wyne layd Robyn
The knyght shall begynne.
Wyche wonder thynket me
Thy clothynge is so thynne.
Tell me one worde layd Robyn
And counsell shal it be
I trowe thou were made a knyght of force
Or elles of yemanry
Or elles thou haste be a lory husband
And leued in stroke and stryfe.
And oherer or elles a lechoure layd Robyn
With wronge hast led thy lyf
I am none of tho layd the knyght.
By god that made me.
An.c. wynter here before:
My aun lefteres knyghtes haue be
But ofte it hath befall Robyn
A man hath be dysgrate
But god that lyt in heuena boue
May amende his state
Within this two yere Robyn he layd
My neyghbors well knowe
foure hondred pounde of good money
fyll well than myght I spende
Nowe haue I no good layd the knyght
But my chyldren and my wyfe
God hath shapen suche an ende.
Tyll god it may amende
In what maner layd Robyn
Haste thou lore thy ryches
For my grete folyhe layd.
And for my kyndenesse
I had a lone forlothe Robyn

That sholde haue bene myne eyre
When he was twenty wynter olde
In felde wolde Juste full feyre.
He slewe a knyght of lancasesshyre
And a squyre bold.
For to saue hym in his ryght
My gooddes bothe sette and solde
My londes bothe sette to wedde Robyn
Vatyll. a sertayne day
To a ryche abbot here besyde
Of saynt Mary ab bay.
What is the somme sayd robyn:
Trouthe than tell thou me
Syr he sayde four hondred pounde
The abbot tolde it to me.
Nowe and thou lese thy londe sayd Robyn.
What shall fall of the
Hastely I wyll me buske sayd the knyght.
Ouer the salte see.
And se wher cryste was quycke and dede
On the mounte of caluere
Fare well frende and haue good day:
Je may noo better be
Teeres fell out of his two.
He wolde haue gone his ey en way
Fare well frende and haue good day.
I ne haue noo nother to pay.
Where be the frendes sayd Robyn
Syr neuer one wyll me knowe
Whyle I was ryche I nowe at home
Grete boste then wolde they blowe
And now they renne away fro me,
As bestes on a rowe.
They take no more hede of me.